

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Another Debutante Will Be Introduced Today in Chestnut Hill—Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Emlen Newbold Will Make Formal Bow at Large Tea

SOCIETY will send Mrs. way Chestnut Hillward this afternoon, when Dorothy Emlen Newbold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Emlen Newbold, will be presented to society at a large tea which her parents will give. Dorothy is the Newbold's youngest child, and, in fact, one of the youngest members of the Dixon connection, though her cousin, Margaretta Dixon, has yet to make her debut. Her mother was Miss Rita Dixon, a sister of Mrs. Russell Thayer, Mrs. Percy Keatinge, Mrs. Linton Landreth, Mrs. Francis Allison, Mrs. Wilson Sharpless, George Dallas Dixon, A. J. Dallas Dixon, Thomas Dixon and T. Henry Dixon.

A most representative number of women will receive with Mrs. Newbold at the tea this afternoon; among them Mrs. Charles Herman Krumbhaar, Mrs. Edward Bell Krumbhaar, Mrs. John H. Packard, Sr., Mrs. Henry M. Sigs, Mrs. New York; Mrs. Norris Vaux, Mrs. George Howe, Miss Anna Ingersoll, Miss Salvadora Meade, Miss Sayres, Miss Elsie Stinkler, Miss Julia Lewis, and among the debutantes of this year and last who will receive will be Violet Welsh, Margaret Harris, Patty Borie, Katharine Lea, Mary Lovering, Gaior Baird, Elizabeth Trotter, Eleanor Pepper, Molly Sharpless, Alfreda Lewis, Emily Welsh, Lorraine Graham, Anne Lewis, Mazié Graham and Molly Thayer.

And, my dears, speaking of Molly Thayer, have you read her book? It's quite one of the cleverest little satires on society I have read for many a day. She has dedicated it, by the way, to her cousin Dorothy, and she calls it "Advice to Will-be-Debutantes." It is a scream! She says herself in her preface that she does not wish to criticize society; that she realizes the value of such an institution; but she goes on to say: "There are certain whims and eccentricities, codes of manners and of morals, and a misinterpretation of values in society which we are apt to accept without question as a kind of unwritten law, because we see others accepting them in the same way. Some of these customs are entirely trivial and foolish. Others tend, as I have said, to depreciate our minds; the meaning of true worth and honor; still others bind us down beneath a kind of petty yoke which we may dislike, but which we have not the courage to throw off—and a lot more I should love to quote to you had I space, but she finishes up this little prelude with: "Would we have society simpler and more sincere? Let us be so first—ourselves."

Then, my dears, the fun begins. She tells you how to act during a debutante year and, believe me, it's killing. Her description of a large dinner and of the Assembly, which she designates under "How to act at a large ball," is simply perfect. And, then, what the debutantes' knowledge of history should be is rich beyond words. She advises the coming buds to familiarize themselves with all the horrors of torture ever inflicted on people throughout history. "What they were inflicted for, on whom and when, she declares is of no consequence whatsoever. One paragraph says: "Learn the name of the prison in Paris. It is the Bastille. B-A-S-T-I-L-L-E. Remember that. If you do not know where some one was rotund or stabbed or chopped to pieces, say the Bastille. No one will contradict you."

Another charming bit of historical information tells us that "Napoleon conquered everything, and then he began losing everything and finally somebody caught him and put him on a ship and took him out to sea and left him on an island. You see he did not have a boat and it was too far to swim ashore. He spent lots of time looking at the sea with his arms crossed. After awhile he died."

There are also instructions on how to behave at a dinner, how to talk while eating and how to eat while talking. Flinging is also spoken of, and a debutante's necessary knowledge of art, music and literature. Don't fail to read the book, my dears, it is worth it.

PERSONALS
Mr. and Mrs. John H. Packard will give a theater party followed by a supper at the Ritz-Carlton on Friday, December 18.
At the dinner-dance which Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Woolston, of West Chestnut avenue, Chestnut Hill, will give on Saturday of this week in honor of Miss Mary Hutchinson Lovring, 100 guests from the debutante set will be present.
Miss Elizabeth Taylor, daughter of Mr. Frederick Taylor, of Bostley, Chestnut Hill, will leave next week for Yonkers, N. Y., where she will be the guest of Miss Margaret Hubbard for a fortnight.
Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, of Old York road, Nola, will leave shortly for El Paso, Tex.

WEDDINGS
ERTEL-LITTEL
Miss Marguerite A. Littell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Littell, of 323 South Forty-seventh street, and William R. Ertel, of this city, were married on Saturday morning at the bride's home by the Rev. J. J. Melon, of St. Francis de Sales Church.
Miss Linda E. Sizer was bridesmaid and Albert G. Littell, brother of the bride, acted as best man. After a wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Ertel left on a wedding trip through the South.
They will be at home at 1000 Chestnut street.

ORCHESTRA GUARANTEE COVERS BAREST NEEDS

\$500,000 Fund Asked Will Serve to Meet Fundamental Demands Only, Manager Says

The \$500,000 goal set by the Philadelphia Orchestra Association in its campaign to place the city's chief musical organization on a satisfactory financial basis will suffice only to meet the most fundamental needs of the orchestra, according to the manager, Arthur Judson.
Mr. Judson said today that a total fund of \$1,500,000 will be necessary for that purpose. By attaining that figure a positive guarantee against deficits in the future will be possible.
At the offices of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association, in the Pennsylvania Building, many subscriptions, of various amounts, were received today. Some came from scrupulous contributors, who made their contribution, while larger sums were obtained from wealthy persons who could afford more substantial contributions to the cause of music.
A Philadelphia whose name has not been revealed has made an offer to cover all deficits incurred in the course of the next five years if within that time a half million dollars is raised by public subscription. Many contributions are being made on terms of five annual payments.
If, for instance, a thousand dollars is subscribed, the donor may pay \$200 a year. Other pledges are being fulfilled in a single payment.
"We shall not be content," said Mr. Judson, "merely to keep ourselves going financially. We intend instead to enlarge the scope of the Philadelphia Orchestra—to play the best music before a greater number of Philadelphians than we have ever played before in the past. In other words, we want to make music the great, living art of the people. And if the people will help that will be possible."

ISAAC H. CLOTHIER IS 70

Merchant Observes Day at Home. Will Go to Polls Tomorrow and Vote for Hughes
Isaac H. Clothier, one of the founders of the firm of Strawbridge & Clothier, observed his seventy-ninth birthday anniversary yesterday at his home, Ballymore, at Wynntonwood. Mr. Clothier does not favor elaborate birthday celebrations, and there was only an informal gathering of his family and a few friends. If the day had not been Sunday he would have been at his office as usual.
Tomorrow Mr. Clothier will go to the polls at Ardmore and cast his vote for Charles E. Hughes, whom he recently compared to Abraham Lincoln in his directness of expression and his honest and easily understood language.
Mr. Clothier is a director of the Fourth Street National Bank, the Girard Trust Company and other corporations and is a trustee of Swarthmore College.

RADIANT CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Show to Open in Horticultural Hall Tomorrow Will Have Fine Display of Autumn's Queen Flower
The Chrysanthemum Show will open tomorrow night in Horticultural Hall, Broad and Locust streets. The display of plants from Wisconsin, Maine, Indiana, South Carolina, Tennessee and other States not usually represented promise to make the display the largest that has ever been shown at any of the previous exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society.
In addition to the chrysanthemums there will be magnificent entries of orchids, ferns, palms, roses, carnations, heliotropes and various foliage plants. Countess Santa Eulalia, George W. Childs Drexel, Mrs. S. B. Riddle, W. S. Elliot, Mrs. J. W. McEwen, John W. Pepper and C. B. Logan have placed many entries in competition.

WILLS BENEFIT ORPHANAGES

Habero Institution and Jewish Foster Home Get Bequests
Bequests of \$500 to the Habero Orphanage, Habero, Pa., and \$200 to St. John's Church, County Derry, Ireland, are included in the will of Sarah Ennis, 116 Grape street, which, as probated today, disposes of property valued at \$11,000.
An estate valued at over \$120,000 is disposed of by the will of Frank Hansell, 4924 Spruce street, who died at Atlantic City, October 2. The principal legatees are the widow and a son and daughter of the testator.
Bequests of \$200 each to the Jewish Foster Home and Orphan Asylum and the National Farm School are included in the will of Jessie Lippman, 136 North Sixth street, who left property valued at \$18,500.
Other wills probated were those of William E. Dudley, Somerton, which, in private bequests, disposes of property valued at \$90,000; Charles H. Miller, 517 North Eighteenth street, \$45,000; Michael Walther, 827 West York street, \$44,000; Laura Kellner, 2305 Hagert street, \$28,000; and Edward B. Cotterill, 2120 West Columbia avenue, \$20,000.

What's Doing Tonight

Philadelphia Music Teachers' Association meets, 1714 Chestnut street.
Retail grocers meet, Bostley Building.
Musical union supplies of Adah Israhim Assembly, Broad and Diamond streets, 8 o'clock.
Lectures: "The Status of Worth, Will and Honor," by Professor Francis H. Green, Emersonian Fraternity, Girard avenue and Forty-second street, 8 o'clock.
Musical benefit for Children's Hospital, Eighteenth and Belmont streets, and at Wynntonwood, by Orpheus Quartet, ball room Bellevue-Stratford, 8 o'clock.
Northwest Business Men's Association, 2336 Columbia avenue, 8 o'clock, free.
Chester Avenue Improvement Association, First U. S. Church, Chester avenue and Fifty-second street, 8 o'clock, free.
Festivities of the Business Men's Association, Passunk avenue and Moore street, 8 o'clock.
Washington Improvement Association, Tenth and 323rd streets, 8 o'clock, free.
Lectures, "Italy," by Arthur Stanley Bliss, Witherspoon Hall.

MRS. WILLIAM LEFKOE
Mr. and Mrs. William Lefkoe have sent out invitations for an at-home Wednesday evening, November 16. The at-home will be at the home of Mrs. Lefkoe, 1000 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. The at-home will be from 7 to 10 o'clock.

AS THE FAMILY SEES HIM



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HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH
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THE STORY THIS FAR
ALAIRE AUSTIN, mistress of Las Palomas, one of the finest ranches on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, and La Feria, across the Mexican border, is lost among the mesas in reaching a water hole which she had passed earlier in the day.
She is on the verge of collapse. He helps her to the water hole when Alaire arrives. She is on the verge of collapse. He helps her to the water hole when Alaire arrives. She is on the verge of collapse. He helps her to the water hole when Alaire arrives.

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued)
"I've had a long trip," he said solemnly. "Months—years long, it seems to me."
"Well, thank God, you're back. Tell me, what did you find out?"
Law closed his eyes wearily. He shook his head. "Nothing except verification. I'm sorry I went. The Law blood is tainted, all right—it reeks. The whole damned outfit were crazy. On my mother's side, though, I'm healthy enough—and there appears to be some mystery or something queer about me as a baby. That's all I've discovered so far. But I've a relative in San Antonio, a cousin of my mother's, who runs a curio store. He does in Mexico, and I'd like to see him. He's a strange fellow. He says he has a trunkful of stuff that belonged to his family, and he has promised to go through it with me."
"Then you still hope to prove—"
"That's what I hope to prove," he said. "Why?" Ellsworth asked, sharply.
"Because I know the truth. Because I'm going crazy. Fact! I can see it myself now."
"Why, boy, that's imagination, nothing else."
"Perhaps," Dave agreed listlessly. "I'm reading everything on the subject of insanity that I can get hold of."
Ellsworth tried to laugh. "That in itself is enough to unbalance me. I'm getting so I'm moody, depressed, and by and by I'll begin to think I'm persecuted—I believe that's how it works. Already I have hallucinations in the broad daylight."
"I don't sleep very often, and when I do I wake up in a puddle of sweat, shivering."
"And dreams? God, what dreams! I know they're dreams, but sooner or later I hope I'll begin to believe in 'em." Dave sighed and settled lower in his chair. "I'm mighty tired."
Ellsworth clapped him on the back. "Come, now. A perfectly healthy man could wreck his reason this way. You must stop it. You must do something to occupy your mind."
"Sure. That's what brings me home. I'm going to the front."
"Yes. They're recruiting a rough-riding regiment at San Antonio. I joined yesterday, and I've come to get my horse."
After a moment Ellsworth said, "Alaire has commented her action." Dave took a deep, sharp breath and began to tremble weakly. "I didn't tell her, but—you must. We can't go on like this."
"Suppose I just go to war and—don't come back?" thickly inquired the sufferer.
"That won't do. You won't get killed—yet. In fact, he'd know the truth that he rather had to be a quitter." Ellsworth waited a minute. "Do you want me to tell her for you, Dave?"
Law shook his head slowly, wearily. "No, I'll do it. I'm game. I'd rather she heard it from me."

Blaze Jones took the San Antonio paper out upon the porch and composed himself in the hammock to read the latest war news. Invasion! Troops! The Stars and Stripes! Those were words that stirred Jones deeply and caused him to neglect his work. Now that his country had fully joined in the necessity of a war with Mexico—a necessity he had long felt—he was fired with the loftiest patriotism and a youthful eagerness to enlist. Blaze realized that he was old and fat and near-sighted; but what of that? He could fight. Fighting, in fact, had been one of his earliest accomplishments, and he prided himself upon knowing as much about it as any one man could learn. He believed in fighting both as a principle and as an exercise. In fact, he had tried his good nature to his various neighbors "unpleasantnesses" and he had more than once argued that no great fighter ever died of a sluggish liver or of any one of the other ailments that beset sedentary, peace-loving people. Nations were like men—too much ease made them flabby. And Blaze had his own ideas of strategy, too. So during the progress of his paper he bemoaned the mistakes his Government was making. Why waste time with ultimatum? he argued to himself. He had never done so. Experience had taught him that the way to win a battle was to beat the other fellow to the draw; hence this diplomatic procrastination of yours, he thought, is almost treasonable to one of Blaze's intense patriotism.

He was engaged in laying out a plan of campaign for the United States when a knock came at the door. Blaze looked up and realized that some one was coming. He had been entertaining a caller in the front room. Their conversation had not disturbed him at first, but now an occasional word or sentence forced its meaning through his preoccupation, and he found himself listening.
Paloma's visitor was a woman, and as Blaze hastened to her voice he felt his heart sink. It was Mrs. Strange. She was, here again, with difficulty. Blaze conked an impulse to flee, for she was recounting a story all too familiar to him.
"Why, it seemed as if the whole city of Cavestown was there, and yet nobody offered to help us," the dressmaker was saying. "Phil was a perfect hero, for he was a ruffian was twice his size. Oh, it was an awful fight! I hate to think of it."
"What made him pinch you?" Paloma inquired.
"Heaven only knows. Some men are dreadful that way. Why, he left a black-and-blue mark!"
Blaze broke into a cold sweat and cursed feebly under his breath, and in among the room. "He wasn't drunk, either. He was just naturally depraved. You could see it in his face."
"How did you escape?"
"Well, I'll tell you. We chased him up across the boulevard and in among the tents, and then—" Mrs. Strange lowered her voice until only a murmur reached the listening man. A moment, then, both women burst into shrill, excited laughter, and Blaze himself blushed furiously.
This was unbearable! It was bad enough to have that woman in Jonesville, a constant menace to his good name, but to allow her to come to his own home was unthinkable. Sooner or later they were bound to meet, and then Paloma would learn the disgraceful truth—yes, and the whole neighborhood would know his shame. In fancy, Blaze saw his reputation torn to shreds and himself exposed to the gibes of the people who venerated him. He would become a scandal among men, an offense to respectable women, and children would abuse him. Blaze could not bear to think of the consequences, for he was very fond of women and children of Jonesville, especially the women. He rose from his hammock and tiptoed down the porch into the kitchen, from which point of security he called loudly for his daughter.

Alarmed at his tone, Paloma came running.
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away, making peculiar clucking sounds from his throat. Paloma was saying: "This is my father, Mrs. Strange. You and he have never happened to meet before."
"Why, yes we have! I know you," the seamstress exclaimed. Then a puzzled light flickered in her black eyes. "Haven't we met somewhere, but—I've met so many people." She extended her hand, and Blaze took it as if expecting to find it cold and dead. He muttered something unintelligible. "I've been dying to see you," she told him, "and thank you for giving me Paloma's work. I love you both for it." Blaze was immensely pleased that his dreaded crisis had come and gone; but wishing to make assurance doubly sure, he contorted his features into a smile the like of which his daughter had never seen, and in a disguised voice inquired, "Now where do you reckon you ever saw me?"
The seamstress shook her head. "I don't know, but I'll place you before long. Anyhow, I'm glad you aren't hurt. From the way you called Paloma I thought you were. I'm handy around sick people, so I—" "Listen!" Paloma interrupted. "There's some one at the front door." She left the room; Blaze was edging after her when he heard her utter a stifled scream and call his name.
Now Paloma was not the kind of girl to scream without cause, and her cry brought Blaze to the front of the house at a run. But what he saw there reassured him momentarily; nothing was in sight more alarming than one of the depot hacks. In the least of which was huddled the figure of a man. Paloma was trying to get down the walk toward the gate, and Phil Strange was waiting on the porch. As Blaze hung himself into view the latter exclaimed: "I brought him straight here, Mr. Jones, 'cause I knew you was his best friend."
"Who? Who is it?" "Dave Law. He must have come in on the noon train. Anyhow, I found him like that." The two men hurried toward the road, side by side.
"What's wrong with him?" Blaze demanded.
"I don't know. He's queer—he's off his bean. I've had a hard time with him." Paloma now viewed the latter with her eyes dull. He was muttering to himself a queer, delicious jumble of words.
"Oh, Dad! He's sick—sick," Paloma sobbed. "Dave, don't you know us? You're home, Dave. Everything is—all right now."
(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

What a pity she doesn't know that Resinol Soap would clear her skin
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